

SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC HERALD

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A JOURNAL OF THE COMING CIVILIZATION.

If we don't Hang Together we will all Hang (Starve) Separately.

SIXTH YEAR.

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"KEEN AS DAMASCUS."

Eugene V. Debs writes of The Herald and its History.

The HERALD'S legion of friends and supporters must hail with delight its increased size and improved appearance. Most appropriate to May Day was the HERALD'S greeting in its new dress and enlarged equipment. It is now better than ever before, there is more of it, and every subscriber should be the reader to second the efforts of the publishers by doubling its circulation.

The HERALD is in the best sense a Socialist paper. It is above all for the Socialist movement. Every column attests the ability of the editor and staff of contributors. It is keen and discriminating, but well tempered and patient. It relies upon the strength and justice of Socialist principles, and to prove it to the other side. When occasion demands it the HERALD is the best evidence of the sterling qualities of the HERALD as a propagandist of the state of Wisconsin. The HERALD is reflected in that movement and no better commentary could be asked.

The Wisconsin movement is clear in conception, sound in character and energetic and progressive in tactics, due in the main to vigorous and militant propaganda, in which the HERALD has been the central factor, and now and efficient leadership which has won the confidence, fired the zeal and inspired the faith of the rank and file throughout the state.

Let the HERALD be pushed into the dark corners and crevices of capital and property. It is like rays of light penetrating the black recesses of caves and dungeons.

Every subscription is an arrow of light from the quivers of the coming day. My personal attachment for the HERALD keeps pace with its progress, and as I look over the past the liveliest emotions are stirred within me.

The HERALD is the lineal descendant, the child, as it were, of the RAILWAY TIMES, the official paper of the American Railway Union, the first writer of which appeared January 1st, 1894. The file of the TIMES will show that it was a staunch advocate of the working class and that it made no offer or compromise to curry favor with the exploiting class. The TIMES was published until 1894, notwithstanding all the railroad corporations on the continent and their army of henchmen, traitors and tools were plotting its annihilation and the organization it represented; and when in 1897 they exacted that at last they had succeeded in stamping it out, the SOCIAL DEMOCRACY sprang forth to take its place and the following year it became the SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC HERALD, and from that time to this it has been in the forefront stamping the works of the capitalist system without missing a beat of its brave proletarian heart.

The SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC HERALD has passed through the ordeal of fire and is tempered firm as steel and keen as Damascus for the revolutionary propagation of the Socialist movement.

May all comrades unite to more than double the circulation of the Herald as a fitting commemoration of its Tenth Anniversary, January 1st, 1904.

Yours truly, *John Debs**Eugene V. Debs*

Dear Herald: Let me congratulate you on its needed enlargement, and trust in another year, we shall see it double its present size. We must not be too apt to blame one another, as but few of us are without fault, and while perusing an article in your last issue from "Friends to Parliament," it struck me it contained an assertion, somewhat disengaging of John Burns. It is a man I like many of others, had been led to think was a faithful Socialist, that a strenuous advocate of the Rights of Labor. If Burns has been led into the foul Gulf of Deterioration, please give us the particulars, may be interested.

Will Fairplay.

Milwaukee, May 5.

We think the most that can be said against Burns of Battersea is that he did not follow party orders and rules, but we have never heard it claimed that he ever went back to Socialism, and when it is considered that the Social Democratic Federation used to be to the English movement what the S. L. P. is to the movement in this country, if not more, it may be assumed that the Recording angel did not even have a black mark against him that needed blotting out with her tears. You remember that Socialists of the Social Democratic Federation asked people to believe that Bernstein had sold out to the capitalists. Yet when Bernstein's term of banishment was over and he went back to Germany, the Social Democracy of that country, a party of the strictest possible discipline, lost no time in electing him to the most secure seat they had in the Reichstag, thus showing that they thought of the calumny.

Capitalism is stripping the earth of profits and using up the heritage of generations unborn. If capitalism carries on its fell work long enough it will bring about the extinction of human life, because the means that support life will have been exhausted.

If the people are not plundered by one of the old parties they are by the other. There is no difference between Republican corruption and Democratic corruption in New York City. And there is a game of capitalist under us in the U. S. congress, Republican millionaires and the Democratic millionaires fairly hug each other they are so unanimous.

You It's true. We want the earth. It belongs to the workers who make it habitable, and the workers are getting ready mighty to take possession. Against capitalistic demands all capitalist-class will be as cob-webs.

DEFINITION OF SOCIALISM.

The collective ownership of the means of production and distribution.

A society that advocates a peaceful, orderly and harmonious development of the social relations of production that has hitherto been the rule of the capitalist class.

A reconstructing society on the basis of substituting a new form of association for that of the capitalist class.

A society that secures the rights of labor and capital, and the management of all the means of production.

The motto is: "Everyone for all and all for the common good."

(Standard Democratic Party).

DEMOCRACY is for international Socialism.

A Socialist society.

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THE PROSPERITY MAKERS; OR THE TRAGEDY OF A MUSHROOM TOWN.

BY A WELLKNOWN AUTHOR (NAME WITHHELD).

The Building of an American Boom Town is typical of capitalist enterprise and daring. Sometimes the builders "make good," and sometimes they don't, and many go down in the crash.

(COPYRIGHTED.)

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Two capitalist adventurers, Mr. Jenkins French, a produce and lumber man, and an attorney named Sharpless, quietly went over a large tract of timber land in the mountains. Also on the river side of John's mountain, which is full of iron and coal. The land really belonged to a lumberman named King, who had left this country, and was the son of one Gates, who had never bought it from the moonshiner. To clear the title the sharpers resort to a forged deed, and the lawyer is called in to record it under a back date. All the miners then burst forth as an elated band of investors the Allacoochee Land, Manufacturing & Improvement Company. Meanwhile, Philip Thordyke, a young New Yorker, breaks down in health and starts for the restuous, health-giving air of the mountains. Just as the miners are overridden with spirit and factory sides their capitalistic glee turns to grave concern by the reported reappearance of the old moonshiner in the town. The old man, however, keeps him in line. Philip, our hero arrives at Allacoochee and Protheroe, a mining engineer, agrees to get him a lodgment at the home of Jamie Duncan upon the mountains.



At sight of Protheroe the man climbed the fence.

CHAPTER VI.—In which Jamie Duncan sees a mysterious visitor.

Robert Protheroe was not the man to let a good resolution warp in the cooling. He was self-made, in the sense that he owed his parents little beyond the fact of existence; and the world, after its woe with wife, human or otherwise, had tempered him in a saltish bath of adversity and sharpened him up to the grindstone of experience. Having made shift to climb some inconsiderable distance up the slippery hill of knowledge by his own unaided exertions, he fell easily into the habit of thinking himself more capable than other men. The demonstration was simple and conclusive. He had proved his ability to wring a measure of success out of adverse circumstances where others, with all the advantages of preparatory training, had failed. He was too kind-hearted to be cynical, but he could not help making comparisons; and they were usually unfavorable to those who inspired them.

In the short conversation on the hotel veranda, Protheroe had taken Thordyke's measure with a considerable degree of accuracy, and but for the enlistment of his sympathies he might have been inclined to look upon the New Yorker as a person who would probably serve, upon better acquaintance, to point the moral of another comparison. As it was, however, criticism was swallowed up in charity, and 15 minutes after leaving Thordyke's room Protheroe was galloping out one of the prospective streets, which, turning abruptly around the shoulder of John's mountain, became a country road leading up the valley of the Little Chiswasee. His destination was a small farm—the home of the Duncans—lying six miles up the valley; and his object was to prevail upon his friends to open their doors to the sick man.

There was a small romance at the bottom of the Scotchman's settlement in Alabama. Duncan had been a schoolmaster in Lancashire, and Martha Kinross was first his pupil and later his sweetheart. Martha was the Laird's daughter, and the Laird, having a just regard for worldly gear, objected to the penniless pedagogue. For once in a way, Duncan put his hereditary caning under foot, gave up the school, married the girl, and together they ran away from the Laird's wrath and from the old world. Once over sea, the winters of Quebec became a sufficient pretext for farther wanderings, and these, being aimless, ended as well in Alabama as elsewhere. They had bought the worn-out farm in the Little Chiswasee valley before Elsie was born, and the chief motive in its selection was one which neither Duncan nor his wife would have acknowledged. The narrow valley was a Scottish glen; the surrounding mountains were the hills of Lancashire magnified somewhat by the kindly perspective of time and distance; and it was within the compass of a merely practical imagination to transform the small river into a Scottish burn.

Not to be outdone in a matter of sentiment, the valley had repaid the parents in kind by giving what a mild climate and inspiring scenery may give toward the endowment of the daughter. Elsie Duncan was comely and passing fair to look upon, as the native-born daughters of allées are wont to be; moreover, she was simple and true-hearted, thinking that there were no mountains like her own mountains and

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which he had been pleading Thordyke's cause.

"Tha no sayin' it wouldna be a Christian thing to do," continued Duncan, speaking to Protheroe, "but it'll pit fair work on Martha an' the bairn, an' I'm no just free to say when it comes to that."

"I think you needna be troublid about that," said the wife. "The pot winna overflow for one man in the family."

While they were considering ways and means, Elsie held her peace, but Protheroe could see too plainly for his own comfort that she favored the plan. When he put his conclusion to the test by asking her what she thought of it, she answered, dutifully:

"It's for father and mother to say, but I think we ought not to refuse in such a case."

It was the casting vote, and when the matter was definitely settled Protheroe had no desire to prolong his visit.

"No, I think I'd better get back and tell him," he said, in reply to Mrs. Duncan's hospitable entreaties. "I'll brighten him up after the scare he's had this morning."

Duncan went with him to the gate, "Robbie, lad, ye'll no be sayin' onything over you"—with a jerk of his thumb toward Allacoochee—"about the fren' o' minn that loup'd the fence."

"Certainly not. And about Thordyke; you know nothing of him excepting what I've told you, but I'll be responsible for the expense, if need be."

"Hoot, mon! I'm no that canny!" protested Duncan, but Protheroe smiled when his back was turned, thinking how the Scot's face had brightened at the satisfactory mention of security.

On the ride back to Allacoochee the young engineer had had half hour. Such comfort as could be got out of the consciousness of a good deed well done was quite overshadowed by a very natural fear that he had thoroughly and consistently done the thing which of all others would be most likely to jeopardize his chances with Elsie Duncan. He did not regret it, but he was angry with himself because he found it impossible to take an enlightened view of the matter.

"I'm an ass!" he soliloquized at one stage in the short journey; "an unmitigated donkey of the pack trains, at that! I don't deserve to have a ghost of a show after this," he had already gone the length of assuming that Elsie and Thordyke would immediately fall in love with each other. "And to think that I was idiotic enough to plan the whole thing myself!"

Thus at the end of the first three miles, by the time the Queen Anne gables of the Hotel Hollensberg came in sight around the shoulder of John's mountain, became a country road leading up the valley of the Little Chiswasee. His destination was a small farm—the home of the Duncans—lying six miles up the valley; and his object was to prevail upon his friends to open their doors to the sick man.

The wagon road up the valley of the Little Chiswasee follows the stream to a point within a quarter of a mile of Duncan's house, where it climbs a low wooded spur of John's mountain. From the top of this spur the young engineer could look down upon the house and its surroundings, and he saw Duncan in the barnyard talking to a stranger—an old man with white hair and beard falling over the cap of a tattered army overcoat.

At sight of Protheroe the man climbed the fence and ran up the mountain, while Duncan came around the house to the gate.

"Good morning, Mr. Duncan; I hope I didn't scare your neighbor away. He took to the woods as if he thought I might be a constab in a warrant."

"An' who kenned you were not, when ye com' ionplin' over the hill yonder?"

Duncan came out and loosened the saddle girth while Protheroe was hitching the horse.

"I did, for one, and you ought to, for another. Tell me, who is your neighbor, who looks old enough to be my grandfather, and who yet makes nothing of a ten-rail fence and a steep hillside?"

"Ye're ower curious, Robbie, an' I'll no gratify ye. Ony frien' o' mine's welcom to loun' thon fence or win'at at the gate, sa' he pleases. But come ye into this house; ye'll be havin' an errand this mornin', I'm thinkin'."

Protheroe laughed at the shrewd guess. "I have, just that," he rejoined, "and it'll take a family council to set in it, too."

Duncan led the way to the sitting-room and called his wife and daughter from the kitchen. When they came, Protheroe told what he could of Thordyke's story. "I know next to nothing about him," he concluded, "but he is evidently a good fellow, and if there is a fighting chance for him in this climate it seems as if he ought to have the benefit of it."

"Put' body!" said motherly Mrs. Duncan. "What shall you say, Jamie?"

"I'm thinkin' it'll be for ye to say, Martha."

Protheroe had been trying to read Elsie's face, and the expression of awakened sympathy theron made him regret for a moment the warmth with

which he had been pleading Thordyke's cause.

When Philip was established in the Duncan household he wrote to his mother. It was a long letter, filled with jesting raillery at the conditions of his exile, but containing no hint of what he believed to be the beginning of the end in the matter of his malady. In closing he spoke of the Duncans:

"They are both characters, in a way, and they would interest you if you could know them. Duncan is a typical Scot, up to 20 years of age has left no Americanizing mark; his speech is still of the broad Scotch, and his eating habits have written itself in capital letters all over his homely face. Mrs. Duncan is a person in whose cheerful smile the blue devils quell and for another herd of swine. Could any sly eulogy go further? Seriously, though, they have made me very comfortable and snug in a painfully neat little room of a room, and the weather is fair, the house is homely and wholesome; and Mrs. Duncan's hospitality is warm-hearted and considerate without being obtrusive. For the rest, I have half a county of wild mountain ranges at my back upon which to spend the leisure that overflows the greater number of my waking hours, and you may tell Dr. Pervin that I mean to take his outdoor prescription.

"Show this letter to Helen, if you please, and tell her I'll write her before long. Oh, yes; and watch the expression on godfather Morrison's face when you tell him that he can have a few choice suburban lots in Allacoochee at \$300 a front foot—at least that was the price yesterday, though it is probably more now."

"I suppose I ought to write more, but I shant; the spirit moves me to go and climb a mountain. Take good care of yourself, and write often, addressing me care of Mr. Robert Protheroe, Allacoochee."

"PHILIP."

In writing this letter Philip had not intended to omit the mention of Elsie's name standing in the Duncan household, but since the thing was done he did not correct it.

"It's just as well," he told himself. "If I say anything at all, I'll have to tell how sweet and lovable she seems to be, and that might make the mother uneasy. I'll wait till I've discovered her faults."

That was the beginning of a weakness. When he wrote again it occurred to him that his former silence might be misconstrued if he mentioned her now; nay, more, before he had been a week at the farmhouse he began to see that if he spoke of Elsie in his letters it must be in terms of praise. In his most self-reliant moods he had always been more or less dependent upon a sympathetic atmosphere; and under the circumstances which made him an inmate of the Duncan home, this dependence became a morbid craving. And of pity and sympathy Mrs. Duncan and Elsie gave him unstintingly, out of the overwelling kindness of good hearts.

For a few days after his removal from town, Philip spent much time on the mountain. Then there came a week of rainy weather, and by the time the skies cleared he found it singularly easy to stay in the house. During the indoor week he had stumbled upon an occupation which was both pleasant and dan-

gerous. This was the fact, though he recognized only the pleasure and shun his eyes to the danger. Elsie's lessons had stopped at the end of her father's requirements, and he was ambitious and eager to go on. Thordyke found this out, and turned pedagogue with the idea that he would repay kindness with kindness. The lessons, begun during the week of rainy weather, were continued without interruption, until one day, when Philip was more languid than usual, Elsie's conscience awoke with a start.

"Mr. Thordyke, you're doing wrong!" she said, looking up in self-reproachful dismay. "You haven't been on the mountain for two weeks!" "It's much pleasanter here," Philip replied.

"But that isn't it. Didn't your doctor say you must stay out of doors?—and here I've been keeping you in the house when every hour of sunshine is precious."

"Don't blame yourself; I stay because I like it better. It's a weariness to the flesh to go tramping about alone."

Elsie put her book away and took up her sewing. "I'm not going to encourage you to stay in, anyway," she said, with a pretty affection of inflexibility; "and you ought to be ashamed to call my mountain tiresome. I used to almost envy your long walks."

"Why do you call it your mountain?" "Because it's been my playmate ever since I can remember. When I was a little girl I used to sit on that big rock behind the garden and read dear old Sir Walter till I imagined I could hear the galloping of the dragoons in the lower valley, and the chirping of the birds up by the Pocket. And I've never quite lost the hope that some day I shall meet a bonnie chieftain with his tail of clansmen picking his way down over the stones in the gush."

"And you the daughter of a Lowlander. I'm shocked! Why, the first thing Vich Ian Vohr would do would be to harry your father's farm! But if you know the mountain so well, what's to prevent your showing me how to become interested in it? Why can't you take a tramp with me this afternoon?"

"I—I don't think I ought to take to the house." "It was; but did you know that you ought to know?" "Is it about yourself?" "Yes."

She sat down beside him to arrange the flowers. "I am listening," she said, encouragingly.

The opportunity had come, but Thordyke trifled with it. "Do you know why I came to Alabama?"

"Why, yea; it was on account of your health, wasn't it?"

"It was; but did you know that my case is quite hopeless?"

"I knew you thought it so."

"I still think so—the doctor as good as told me it was; and yet, do you know, that just now I feel that under some circumstances I might win my way back to health and strength again?"

"That's the way you ought to feel all the time; it's more than half the battle."

Thordyke remembered Protheroe's words and wondered if he had repeated them to Elsie. "I suppose I should, but I can't. It was just as you lifted me over the edge of the rock; it seemed as if you gave me a new hold upon life out of your abundance. Queer, wasn't it?" This was not at all what he had been trying to say, but the words chose themselves. "It's astonishing what a retrospective field the mind will cover at a pinch, isn't it? Now, in that half second while you were helping me I got a telescopic glimpse of my whole life, and it's always been the same way—some one has pulled me up over the hard places before I could even try to do for myself. It's taken the color out of everything; there has never been anything left worth living and fighting for; if there had been I might be able to make some show of resistance now."

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand you," she said. "I thought everybody had something to live for."

"I presume most people have; and in my own case the uncharitable might say something about sour grapes. That wouldn't be true, though; it wasn't until I knew I couldn't live that I cared much about it. And there is every reason to suppose that, with the fear of death removed, life would go back again to the old dreary round and be more undesirable than ever."

She rose and fastened the bunch of rhododendrons in her belt. "Do you really mean to say that you have no reason for wanting to live? Would nobody care for you?"

Thordyke killed his opportunity with one blow. "Yes, there may be some who would be sorry; perhaps you would care a little. But that is entirely a different matter; I'm not good enough to want to live to oblige my friends, nor bad enough to want to die to spite them. Let's go and find the Pocket you were telling me about."

It is an open question as to how literally the most sincere person can afford to be taken in a conversation which bears upon his own personality. Doubtless Philip meant to say what was in his mind at the time; nevertheless, repeat came afterward, and with it more good intentions. While Philip the self-estimated was as little like Philip the real as might be, yet there was undoubtedly an accusing conscience which the self-known Philip ought to muzzle with the fiction that the afternoon was still young. Unfortunately, however, opportunities for the saying of reluctant things do not grow upon every bush, even upon a sequestered mountain top, and Philip's conscience was still unrepentant when he could get it speech.

"Show this letter to Helen, if you please, and tell her I'll write her before long. Oh, yes; and watch the expression on godfather Morrison's face when you tell him that he had not died without the nation of compassion? And Elsie?—that was a phase of the question which might well be treated as a wise man treats a sleeping dog; it was the very hardness of his days were counted, there could be no offering save at the shrine of womanly tenderness and sympathy. In any event, there was no occasion for haste; he would wait awhile and see what came of it."

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"It's just as well," he told himself. "If I say anything at all, I'll have to tell how sweet and lovable she seems to be, and that might make the mother uneasy. I'll wait till I've discovered her faults."

That was the beginning of a weakness. When he wrote again it occurred to him that his former silence might be misconstrued if he mentioned her now; nay, more, before he had been a week at the farmhouse he began to see that if he spoke of Elsie in his letters it must be in terms of praise. In his most self-reliant moods he had always been more or less dependent upon a sympathetic atmosphere; and under the circumstances which made him an inmate of the Duncan home, this dependence became a morbid craving. And of pity and sympathy Mrs. Duncan and Elsie gave him unstintingly, out of the overwelling kindness of good hearts.

For a few days after his removal from town, Philip spent much time on the mountain. Then there came a week of rainy weather, and by the time the skies cleared he found it singularly easy to stay in the house. During the indoor week he had stumbled upon an occupation which was both pleasant and dan-

gerous. On the way back to town he had another impatient argument with him self, coming out of it as on a former occasion, with a certain measure of philosophical resignation, for which he paid rather dearly in the coin of disappointed hope.

CHAPTER VIII.—In which Philip sees a Rip Van Winkle and learns that he needs friends.

Gleanings from Busy Socialistic Fields!

NOTES FROM YANKEE LAND.

Chicago Socialists will enter the judicial election. Illinois will put a permanent organization in the field.

Two councilmen were elected at Santa Ana, Cal.

Jacksonville, Fla. Socialists have a victory ticket up for the first time.

Eight, Ill. Socialists cast 400 votes, an increase of 100 per cent.

A May pole dance was a feature of the May Day ball at Cleveland.

Agitator Carl D. Thompson is having big success in Minnesota.

The Industrial Journal at Salt Lake City has come out for Socialism.

The Socialist candidate at Braintree, Mass., only lacked 12 votes of an election.

Comrade Cameron H. King of San Francisco is making speeches in New York.

National Secy. Mailly has been called to Massachusetts by the illness of his mother.

National charters have been granted in Montgomery, Ala., Rogers, Ark., and Jerome, Ariz.

The capitalist parties are trying to keep the new Socialist officials at Missoula, Mont., from taking office.

At the Omaha municipal election the Socialists polled 1,436, it being their first time in the field.

Our vote at Tacoma, Wash., was 51. Last fall it was 91. At New Haven, Conn., the vote jumped from 18 to 712.

The Hutchinson, Kansas, Socialists doubled their vote in five months. Show what can be done by faithful work and the conditions assisting.

Owing to his election as editor of *Avant*, the leading Italian Socialist paper, Prof. Enrico Ferri has had to postpone his proposed visit to America for a year.

The Cigarmakers' Union of New York sent \$100 to the union of craft in Berlin, to be used in the interest of the Socialist party at the ensuing Reichstag elections.

North Easton, Mass., cast 112 Socialist votes May 1, against 40 in November. Socialism continues on the gain in Massachusetts. The old parties combined at North Easton, too.

It is reported that in return for the help given the striking American miners by the English unions, the sum of \$2,000 a year has been promised from America to support the men who may be sent to Parliament in the labor interests in the coming elections.

Comrade Walter Thomas Mills has given up his addition to his school building at Kansas City, not apparently because of the claim by some comrades that he was working a get-rich-quick affair, but because of the necessity of giving more time to speaking.

Comrade Debs spoke to a big crowd at Evansville, Ind., last week. "There can be no peace while we have one class owning the machines and the other class depending upon them. There will be strikes, lockouts, injunctions and riots just as long as the present conditions exist," he said.

Nashville Socialists have a ticket up in the city campaign headed by Comrade C. H. Stockell as candidate for mayor. Judging from the attention received in the daily press the Nashville comrades are putting up a hot campaign.

Call for Nominations for Delegate and Alternate to the International Socialist Congress at Amsterdam, To the Local Bodies. Comrades:

In accordance with instructions given by the national committee, at its meeting held in St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 26, 1903, I hereby call for nominations for one delegate to be elected by referendum vote to represent the party at the International Socialist Congress to be held at Amsterdam, Holland, in August 1903, and for an alternate to act also if by reason of the failure of the Socialist Labor Party to elect a delegate, our party is entitled to two delegates.

Each local body for the party is entitled to nominate one candidate for delegate and one candidate for alternate.

Nominations shall close on June 1st.

Local bodies in organized states will file nominations with their state secretaries before June 5th, and state secretaries will file a complete list of nominations in their respective states with the national secretary before June 10th.

Local bodies in unorganized states will file nominations with the national secretary before June 10th.

It is desired that the names of candidates shall be submitted to the membership for the referendum vote not later than June 15th or 20th, and state secretaries are therefore requested to act promptly.

Fraternally yours,

William Mailly, National Secretary, Omaha, Neb., May 1.

In the May number of Wilshire's Magazine the editor writes of an interview he had with John D. Rockefeller at a California resort where both happened to be staying last month. There is a brilliant arraignment of The Great Families of England from the pen of the English economist and writer, H. M. Hyndman. Shall We Be Free? is the title of an eloquent and stirring appeal to the higher human sentiments, by Win. Thurston Brown. The editorial on De Witte's Wisdom treats of the policy of the able Russian Minister of Finance, looking towards the aggrandizement of the Russian Empire.

By the way, last week's Herald was completely exhausted. We had hard work to save enough for our files.

Have five copies sent to your address for three months, for distribution. It will only cost you 50 cents!

ACROSS THE HERRING FOND.

Four more Socialist and one Labor candidate was elected in English municipalities, and not only kept our unions out of such danger, but warned our English comrades.

Of course, the English unions can not stand many such court decisions; their treasures will be bankrupt, but

been so strongly advised in certain quarters to incorporate. But many American trade union leaders foresaw just what has befallen the English unions, and not only kept our unions out of such danger, but warned our English comrades.

Of course, the English unions can not stand many such court decisions; their treasures will be bankrupt, but

that does not settle the strike question. What happens when workmen are aggrieved, and have not the power to strike? It's a pretty dangerous thing for the English courts to attempt to sit on the safety valve in such fashion, and especially with men who have been bred to trade union organization from their earliest youth.—Ex.

Is Socialism Possible?

Adapted from ROBERT BLATCHFORD'S "Britain for the British."

ON-SOCIALISTS assert with the utmost confidence that Socialism is impossible. Let us consider this statement in a practical way.

We are told that Socialism is impossible. That means that the people have not the ability to manage their own affairs, and must, therefore, give nearly all the wealth they produce to the superior persons who of present are kind enough to own, and to manage this country.

A bold statement! The people CANNOT manage their own business; it is impossible.

But the people can farm the land, and build the factories, and weave the cloth and feed and clothe and house themselves; they are not able to do it.

They must have landlords, and masters to do it for them.

But the people do it for the landlords and masters; and the latter gentlemen make the people pay them for allowing the people to work.

But the people can produce wealth under supervision; they must have superior persons to direct them. So the non-Socialist declares.

Another bold assertion, which is not true. For nearly all those things which the non-Socialist tells us are impossible, ARE BEING DONE.

Nearly all those matters of management, of which the people are said to be incapable, are being accomplished by the people NOW.

For if the nation can build warships, why can they not build cargo ships? If they can make rails, why not sewing machines or plows? If they can build forts and lighthouses, why not houses? If they can make soldiers' clothes, why not ladies' hats and men's trousers? If they can operate a railway, with a reversion when private greed has bankrupted it, why not own and operate one from ocean to ocean, or between other points?

Look at the postoffice, if the nation can carry its own letters, why not its own coal? If it can manage its post offices, why not its express, telegraph, telephones, streets, and its factories?

Look at the sea, the sea! The London county council at New Zealand and the Glasgow and Manchester municipal governments. If these bodies of public servants can build dwelling houses, make roads, tunnels and sewers, manage ship canals, make and supply gas, own and operate street cars and take charge of art galleries, baths, wash houses and technical schools, what is there that capitalism does not do better and more cheaply for themselves?

What sense is there in pretending that the miners could not get coal unless they paid rent to a capitalist, or that the railways could not carry coal unless they paid dividends to a company, or that the weaver could not make cloth, the milliner, bonnets, or the hatter hats, just as well for the nation as for Mr. Gorrocks, the capitalist list?

But, say the "impossibilities," you have not got the capital."

Do not believe them. You HAVE the capital. Where? In your brains and in your arms! All capital comes from.

Why, if what the "impossibilities" tell us to be true—if the people are not able to do anything for themselves, then the landlords and masters can do it for them—the gas and water companies ought to have no fear of being cut out in price and quality by any city corporation or municipality.

But the "impossibilities" know very well that directly the people set up on their own account, the private capitalist is beaten. Twenty years ago this cry of "impossible" was not so easy to dispose of. Today it can be silenced by the logic of accomplished facts. Municipalities own and manage waterworks, gas works, street cars, telephones, electric lights, markets, baths, piers, docks, parks, farms, dwelling houses, abattoirs, cemeteries, elevators, libraries, museums, schools, hotel, salaries, colleges and so on. Many of them also provide concerts, open air gymnasiums, science classes and lectures. How then can Socialism be called impossible?

As a matter of fact Socialism is only a method of extending state management and ownership as in the post office, and municipal management, as in our school system, our public streets, and other things, as shown above, until state and municipal management becomes universal all through the nation, or the civilized world.

Where is the impossibility of that? If a city or town can manage water, gas and other systems, why can it not manage bread, milk, meat and other supplies? In the German, Austrian, French, Belgian and other governments can own and manage their railroads, why can't the government of the United States manage those in this country? If government can manage postal and telegraph services, why cannot we operate our own coal mines, our own industry, and the like?

The answer is that they can and have already done so.

How can it be maintained then that Socialism will be "impossible."

Of course these undertakings are not Socialist, but they are Socialistic; they are the educative outposts of the coming complete socialization of industry, the necessary change from the competitive to the co-operative principle in society.

Those contemplating marriage should get this book at once.

This book cannot fail to please you. If you are looking for health by the safest and easiest means, do not delay getting it.

YOU SHOULD SECURE

A Physician in the House!

YOU CAN HAVE IT, NOT FREE, BUT FOR A LITTLE EASY AND PLEASANT WORK.



A New Family Medical Work

BY

Dr. J. H. GREER, Chicago.

Dr. J. H. GREER, the author, is a practicing physician in Chicago, is Professor of Genito-Urinary Diseases in the College of Medicine and Surgery, Physician-in-Chief to the Harvard Medical Institute, and has written many works of value to the profession and public.

This book is up-to-date in every particular. It will save you hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills. It tells you how to cure yourself by simple or harmless home remedies. It recommends no poisonous or dangerous drugs. It teaches simple common sense methods in accordance with Nature's laws. It does not endorse dangerous experiments with the surgeon's knife. It teaches how to save health and life by safe methods. It is entirely free from technical rubbish.

It teaches prevention—that it is better to know how to live and avoid disease than to take any medicine as a cure. It teaches how typhoid and other fevers can be both prevented and cured.

It gives the best known treatment for La Grippe, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Consumption, Appendicitis and every other disease.

It is in the best medical book for the home yet produced. It is not an advertisement and has no medicine to sell. It tells you how to live that you may prolong life.

It opposes medical fads of all kinds and makes uncompromising war on vaccination and the use of anti-toxins.

It has hundreds of excellent recipes for the cure of the various diseases.

It has 16 Colored Plates, showing different parts of the human body.

The chapter on Painless Midwifery is worth its weight in gold to women.

It has a large number of valuable illustrations.

The "care of children" is something every mother ought to read.

It teaches the value of Air, Sunshine and Water as medicines.

It contains valuable information for the married.

It advises people with regard to marriage—tells who should and who should not marry.

Those contemplating marriage should get this book at once.

This book cannot fail to please you. If you are looking for health by the safest and easiest means, do not delay getting it.

80 PAGES, BOUND IN CLOTH. REGULAR PRICE, \$3.00.

Send us six yearly or twelve half-yearly subscribers at regular prices, and you get a book. Outside of Milwaukee—eight yearly or sixteen half-yearly subscribers required. Get up a Club at once.

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ALLEN, Henry E. A Study in Government	\$0.05	Revolution and Counter-Revolution	1.00
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Good Clothes for Men
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All the Latest Spring
Styles in Hats.

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**J. BRUETT
AND SON.**

Fond du Lac Avenue,
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"Nerve" and Knowledge.

A lot of merchants do
business on "nerve"; a few
use knowledge.

The less knowledge a
shoe seller has the more
"nerve" he needs; and the
more nerve you need to
wear his shoes.

If you know about us
you know there's more
knowledge than nerve in
our make-up.

You had better know
about us.

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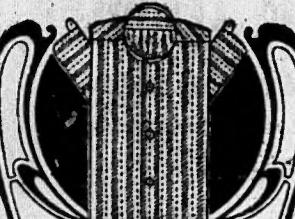
IF THINE EYES

Offend thee, do not pluck
them out and cast them
from thee, but call at.....

SHUR-ON EYEGLASS
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Julius Lando's Optical Institute,
419 East Water Street

and get fitted to a pair of his celebrated
glasses. ARTIFICIAL EYES inserted
without pain.



Shirt Elegance.

Everything that is
good in found in the
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"HOO HOO SHIRT"

Fit, Style and Work-
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Even examined free. All work in
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WHERE TO EAT.
LAWRENCE'S ORIGINAL

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LUNCH ROOM

OPEN ALL NIGHT.
Headquarters for a good lunch or meal
at moderate prices.

OUR MOTTO:
CLEANLINESS, QUICK SERVICE.

J. E. CAMPBELL,
125 EAST WATER ST. Manager.

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RETAILER IN

Reliable Boots, Shoes & Rubbers.

No. 35 Jones Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Store closed Sundays.

Make Boots and Shoes in all sizes to order.



TOWN TOPICS BY THE TOWN CRIER

Here is something rich on the
way the union label is "used" by
some of our tailors, as told at the
last meeting of the Milwaukee
Trades council. State Organizer
Gaylord, of the Social Democrats,
wanted some trousers, and dropped
in to the Polacheck establishment
on West Water street. They said
they could make trousers with the
label in them, and so he told them
to go ahead. When he called again,
the cloth was cut out. "Let me see
the label," said the organizer. It
was trotted out—one of those foxy
paper labels with the words "union
made" printed on it. "Nixy!" said
Gaylord, "I want the regular tailors'
label, endorsed by the Trades council,
or nothing." "All right," said the
tailor, uneasily, "but it will cost you
more." "Very well," said Gaylord.

The following day, Business
agent Weber of the Trades council
was busy in his office at 318 State
street, getting up a shop card for a
new union, when the telephone rang.
"Hello, Mr. Weber, this is the
Bellak company. Say, Polacheck,
the tailor, has sent up here for a
sample tailors' label—says a customer
out in the country has asked for a
sample. Will I let him have one?"
"Yes—es," said the business agent,
"But write across it the words,
'Sample—not to be used,' with ink,
before you let him have it." So the
label, thus cancelled, was sent to
the foxy tailor on West Water street.
No one knows what he said when he
saw that the label could not be used
for the purpose he intended putting
it to. Anyhow, when Comrade
Gaylord dropped in two days later,
he was told that they didn't care to
make his trousers for him. "All
right," he said, "Good day!" And
the tailor has a pair of cut-out
trousers on his hands that he will
probably send to the misfit parlors.

What American Freedom Amounts To.
Employees of the International
Harvester Co. are required to sign a
contract agreeing not to enter suit in
case of injury, and to give up two
per cent of their wages as a premium
to a casualty company which agrees
to pay insurance or benefits in case
of accident as follows:

Loss of life, twenty-six weeks' full
wages, provided sum does not exceed
\$1,500.

Disabled for life, or loss of two
years, half-wages for twenty-six weeks.

Loss of one hand or one foot, one-
third wages for twenty-six weeks.

Loss of one eye, one-eighth wages
for twenty-six weeks.

Internal injuries, no compensation.
Death from over-exertion, no compensation.

In no case of death through ac-
cident shall the insurance exceed
\$1,500. As the average yearly wage
of the employees of the trust is per-
haps nearer \$600 than \$3,000, it is
seen that the value of human life is
placed by this trust at about \$300—the
price of a good horse. Some of the
men had gumption enough to re-
fuse to sign, and a strike was in-
augurated which is apt to spread to
all plants of the trust.—Iowa So-
cialist.

WISCONSIN STATE BOARD.
The State Executive Board met May
3, all resident members being present
except Dr. H. C. Berger and F. Heath.
Charters were granted to Town of
Lake, Oshkosh, 4th Ward of Fond du
Lac, and Glidden.

Bills to Social Democratic Herald
for office help \$12,00, and to J. H. Lenger
for printing \$46,00 were voted paid as
soon as the treasury permits.

It was voted to print 20,000 leaflets
at \$1.25 per thousand, the advance in
the price of paper making it necessary
to sell them at a slightly advanced price
over our last leaflet.

Secretary's report was as follows for April:

Balance April 1. \$20.10

Receipts from dues \$20.10

1 of Whitewater. \$2.55

8 of Sheboygan. 5.40

1 of Racine. 6.00

2 of Winona. 2.85

1 of Madison. 6.00

1 of Glidden. 4.80

1 of Pacific. 2.70

14 of Milwaukee. 1.80

1 of Berlin. 1.15

1 of Milwaukee. 6.70

10 of Milwaukee. 6.00

22 of Milwaukee. 10.80

2 of New London. 2.10

20 of Milwaukee. 7.20

4 of Fond du Lac. 3.30

1 of Manitowoc. 3.00

1 of Brodhead. 4.80

9 of Milwaukee. 10.50

2 of Two Rivers. 1.80

15 of Milwaukee. 7.20

1 of Sheboygan Falls. 11.10

4 of Sheboygan. 1.20

1 of Town of Milwaukee. 1.95

4 of Milwaukee. 3.90

1 of Town of Lake. 5.10

1 of Waukesha. 1.65

6 of Milwaukee. 1.80

8 of Milwaukee. 5.70

Polish Branch of Mil-
waukee. 1.50

135.75

Monthly pledges \$135.75

Paul Brown. 75

Kiel pledges 6.00

Mechelke Bros., Plymouth. 4.00

Sale of leaflets. 10.75

Arbitration Fund 5.55

F. A. 1.00

L. H. Isenher. 25

Total receipts 172.40

Expenditures 171.90

paid to Com. 1.50

E. H. Thomas, State Secy. 1.50

One of the best leaflets
we still have some of the leaflets
in stock. Send in your order before they
are all gone. Price \$1.00 per thousand
for cents per 100.

We have some of the leaflets
in stock. Send in your order before they
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